THE CITY THAT HATH FOUNDATIONS



- 2. O fair sweet day! and hour yet more fair when wilt thou come to me?
 My spirit, safe within my Saviour's care made glad, and pure, and free and calmly, surely trusting his faithful loving Hand shall she be led in safety to Heaven, her Fatherland.
- 3. One moment! Ere she is aware, she treads the glorious shore that lies beyond the stars, beyond the midnight shades, beyond the stormy skies, the chariot of Elijah, the shining angel throng shall bear her through the Heavens, with triumph and with song.
- 4. O City beautiful! Thy light appears —
 the gates by grace set wide —
 the Home for which through long, long exile years,
 my weary spirit sighed —
 the false and empty shadows,
 the life of sin, are past —
 God gives me mine inheritance,
 the land of life at last.
- 5. But who are they that come the glorious ones, as stars along the way –
 a royal diadem of pleasant stones?
 My Lord's elect are they:
 He sent them forth to meet me, where dark with mist of fears, the land of gloom lay round me, my distant land of tears.

- 6. The Patriarchs and Saints of olden days, the Christians all unknown, who bore the heat of persecution blaze, or nameless Cross alone I see them crowned with glory, and shining from afar; to them the Lord, their Saviour, has given the Morning-Star.
- 7. Oh when at last I reach that City fair, that beauteous Paradise, to sing unto the Love that led me there, eternal melodies, then only can I give thee the praises that are meet, with Hallelujah thunder, with psaltery clear and sweet.
- 8. Before the emerald encircled throne, the thousand choirs fall; their song of praises echoing ever on through Heaven's high palace hall.

 The throng that none can number, of every race and tongue, join like the mighty waters in that eternal Song.

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